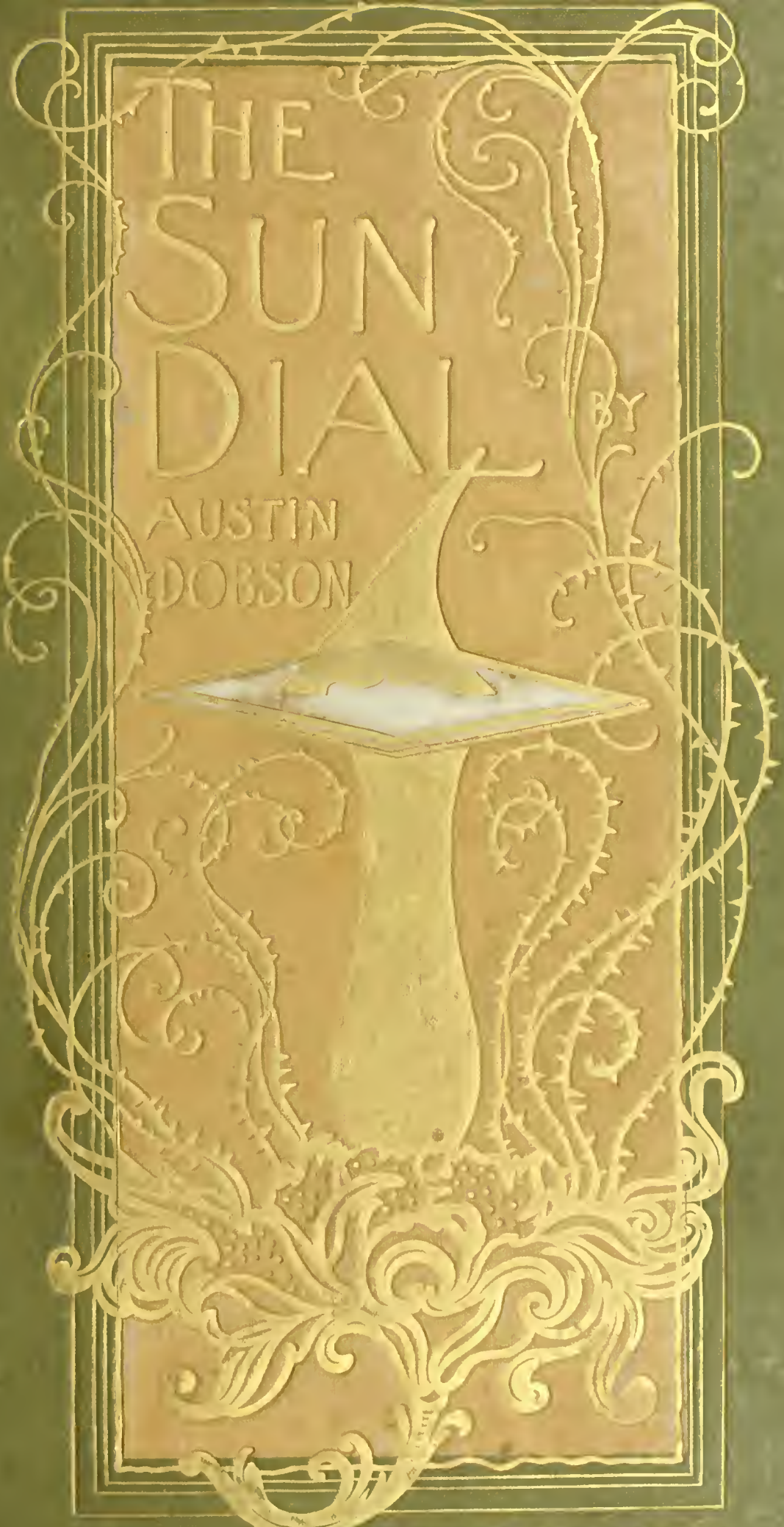
THE SUN DIAL

BY

AUSTIN DOBSON



WITH DRAWINGS & DECORATIONS BY
GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

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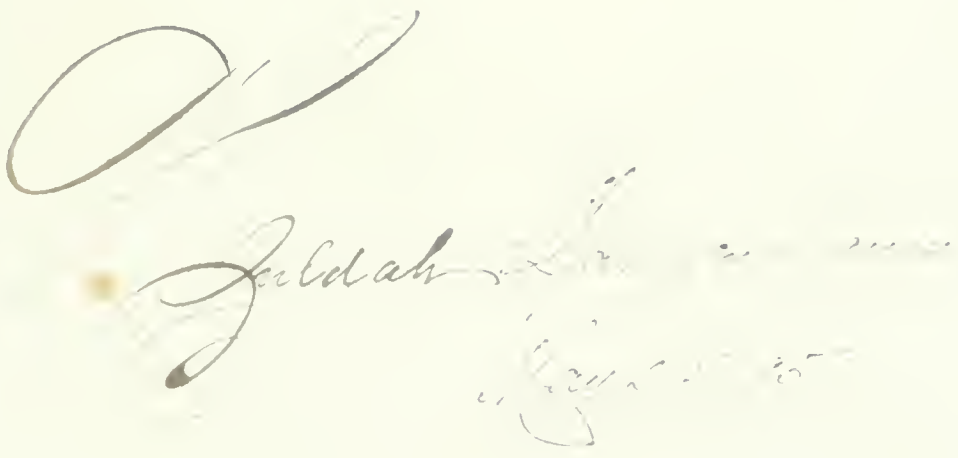

THE SUN DIAL

A POEM

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

WITH DRAWINGS & DECORATIONS

by

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

1890

NEW YORK: DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

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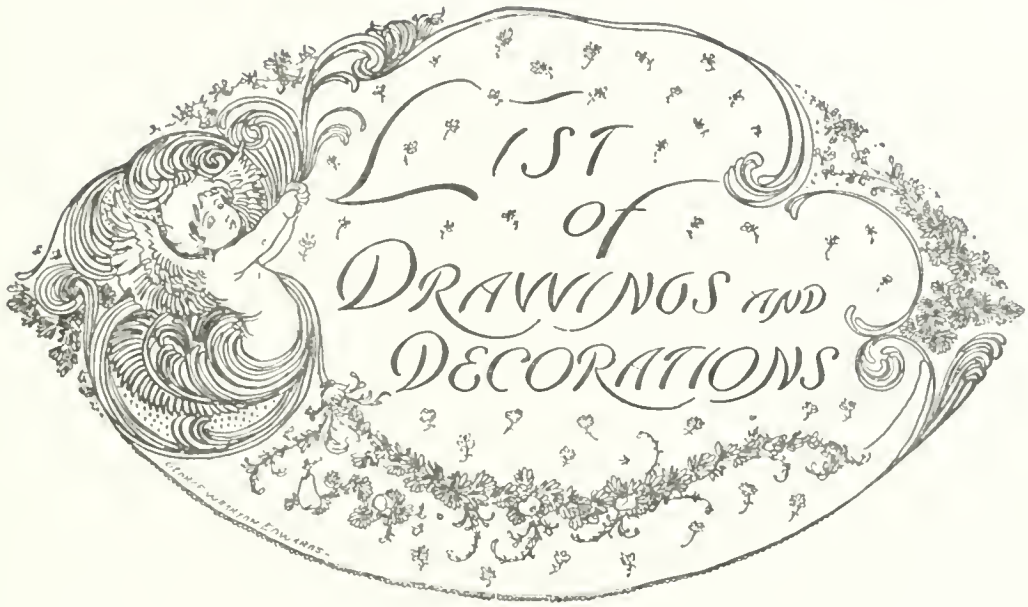
To

Anetta Dobson I dedicate
these Drawings as a
slight tribute to her
genius -

Georgeshallen Edwards.

Plainfield N.J.
May 15th
1890.

THE SUN
DIAL



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" 13, The Sun Dial.

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Page 21, "Here would the ringdoves linger."

" 25, "Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone."

" 29, "And spied the tiny letter in the nook."

" 33, "The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed."

" 37, "Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow."

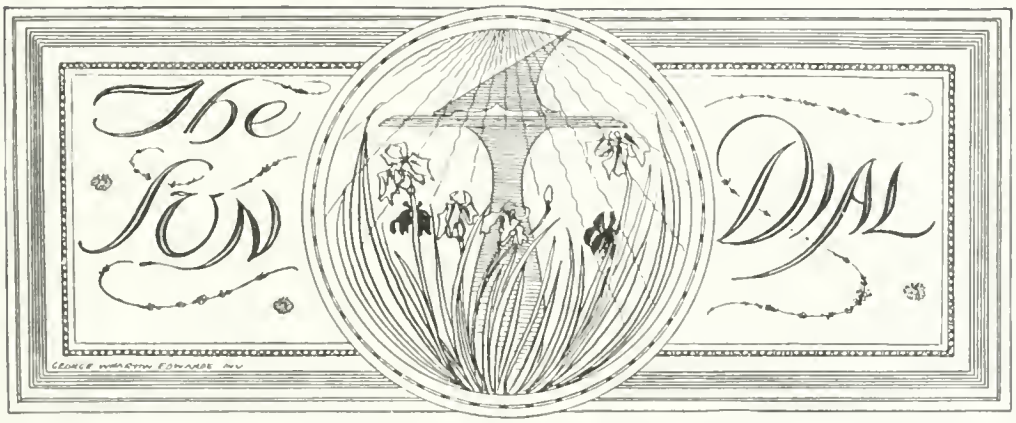
" 41, "Took out the note:—held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall."

" 45, "And sauntered past, singing a roundelay."

" 47, Finis.

" 49, Tail Piece.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS



'Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain;
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:

I am a Shade: a Shadowe too arte thou:
I marke the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?

Here would the ringdoves linger, head to head;
And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time; and here the peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

The tardy shade moved forward to the noon;
Betwixt the paths a dainty Beauty stept,
That swung a flower, and, smiling, hummed a tune,—
Before whose feet a barking spaniel leapt.

GEORGE W. MARTIN. F. MARSH.

'er her blue dress an endless blossom strayed;
About her tendril-curls the sunlight shone;
And round her train the tiger-lilies swayed,
Like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone.

he leaned upon the slab a little while,
Then drew a jewelled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic smile,
Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

GEORGE W. MAYNARD EDWARDS

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;
There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan and pale—
An inner beauty shining from her face.

She, as if listless with a lonely love,
Straying among the alleys with a book,—
Herrick or Herbert,—watched the circling dove,
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

GEORGE W. MARSHALL E. EDWARDS

Then, like to one who confirmation found
Of some dread secret half-accounted true,—
Who knew what hands and hearts the letter bound,
And argued loving commerce 'twixt the two,

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone;
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;
And 'twixt her taper-fingers pearled and shone
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

CHARLIE CHARLTON EDWARDS

he shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;
There came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swaling plume,
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head;

lue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;
So kindly fronted that you marvelled how
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS
1890

ho switched at Psyche plunging in
the sun;
Uncrowned three lilies with a back-
ward swinge;
And standing somewhat widely, like
to one
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to cringe

s courtiers do, but gentleman withal,
Took out the note;—held it as one
who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip
and fall;
Read and re-read, pulling his tawny beard;

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his breast;
Laughed softly in a flattered happy way,
Arranged the broidered baldrick on his chest,
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

. . . . . .

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;
But for a little time the brass will show
A small gray spot—the record of a tear.

Frois
GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

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GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

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